

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY

### Building on the Sand.

It is well to woo, 'tis well to wed,  
For so the world hath done  
Since mythes grew and roses blew,  
And morning brought the sun;  
But have a care, ye young and fair,  
Be sure to plodge the teeth  
Of certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth.  
For if you don't give heart for heart,  
As well as hand for hand,  
You'll find you've played an unwise part,  
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold,  
And hold enough of shining stuff,  
For clearly is cold.  
But place not all your hope and trust  
In what the deep mine springs,  
We cannot live on yellow dust,  
Unmixed with purer things;  
And he who piles up wealth alone  
Will often have to stand  
Beside his coffer chest and own  
"Tis built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,  
And soothe where'er we can;  
Fair speech should bind the human mind,  
And love link man to man.  
But stop not at the gentle words—  
Let deeds with language dwell,  
The one who pities starving birds  
Should scatter crumbs as well;  
The mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand,  
For those that talk, yet fail to do,  
But "build upon the sand."  
—Eliza Cook.

## STORE TELLER.

### Some Doubtful Acquaintances.

"It is very remarkable," said my uncle as Mr. Gregory left the room.  
"It is very mysterious," said Lily, with strong emphasis on the adverb.  
"To me," observed an elderly lady boarder, "it appears to be something worse than mysterious; and without making any assertions, I would at least caution you, my dear, against any closer intimacy with one who seems so often to be possessed of information in a manner of which there is no conceivable natural explanation."  
"It reminds me most," said Rev. Mr. Briggs, "of certain cases, undoubtedly well authenticated, in which the existence of the so-called 'second sight' has been demonstrated in a very singular manner."  
"And," added my uncle, "although many of the professors of spiritualism have been proved impostors, it by no means follows that all—"

"Yes, yes," broke in our lady friend, "but we all know that people once had dealings with familiar spirits, and I never could find any proof that this kind of thing has ever ceased, and therefore, as I said before, I very strongly caution you—"

"Hush!" cried several voices, "here he comes."  
My uncle, my Cousin Lily, and I were staying at a boarding house at the seaside, and amongst a somewhat numerous company was a certain Mr. Gregory. We had made his acquaintance on the night of our arrival in a rather comical manner.

He was passing our room just as Lily was calling to me in a tone of woful despair that she had broken the key in the lock and could not get out. Through the keyhole he had volunteered his services as an amateur lock-picker, and released us from our imprisonment.

This introduction had served quite as well as a much more formal one would have done to inaugurate what promised to be a pleasant seaside acquaintance.

Now on first sight he certainly presented very little appearance of being a suspicious or dangerous character. He was a young man of some twenty-five years of age, with a bright, frank expression and a gleam of mischief in his eyes. He was exceedingly intelligent and well informed, and though rather retiring in the mixed company of our establishment, could, we discovered, sing well, read well, and talk well.

Without intruding himself upon us, he had made himself very agreeable to us two girls; and we had surmised that he was a young professional man suffering from overwork, who had come down to recruit his health. But we are often warned against judging from appearances, and he had during the past few days manifested a very remarkable power of clairvoyance or second sight, or whatever else you like to call it, which had created a great sensation amongst us.

On the previous day, for instance, my uncle had met a gentleman at the station and he had brought him home to dinner. We saw them walking slowly up the garden together in conversation, and Lily had exclaimed:—"Who on earth is this?"

Mr. Gregory looked and said:—"His name is Smith, and he is returning to town by the midnight train."

"You know him?" I said.  
"Never saw him in my life before," was the answer. Sure enough his name proved to be Smith, and he returned to town that night after a long private interview with my uncle; nor had he, he told us in answer to our inquiries, even seen or heard of Mr. Gregory before.

On Saturday morning also the Rev. Mr. Briggs, taking a walk on the beach, meditating on his Sunday text, had encountered Mr. Gregory, who volunteered information as to the said text, with chapter and verse all correct, to the petrification of the reverend gentleman.

On another occasion, when our elderly lady friend mentioned that she had been out making a small purchase, Mr. Gregory informed us *sotto voce* that a bottle of hair-wash constituted the purchase in question. This communication was very unfortunately overheard. Its correctness was not at the time definitely established, but it was shortly after this that she first propounded her own particular theory on the subject, which she put forward with renewed confidence in the conversation given above, after a fresh display of the unholy phenomenon as she called it. This was the occasion thereof. Mr. Briggs had been seen coming up the walk in great glee with a parcel under his arm.

"What has he got there?" said some one.

"All the works of Josephus for tenpence," replied Mr. Gregory. Immediately afterwards Mr. Briggs entered the room and said to the company:—"What do you think I have just bought?" to which the general response was:—

"All Josephus for tenpence."  
It turned out that he had just ferreted it out from a second-hand book-stall.

When questioned about his mysterious powers, Mr. Gregory always became very serious, and gave no information, but changed the subject as soon as possible.

In consequence of all this, interest, curiosity, uneasiness, and even alarm were in varying degrees excited in the breasts of the several members of our company. Most of the ladies declared that they were daily expecting something serious to happen. That those expectations were not altogether unfulfilled will now be made plain.

There were two new arrivals on the day on which our story opens.

Our company had hitherto been pleasant and select, but the lady and gentleman who now came amongst us, and who were named Mr. and Mrs. Grice, were exceptions to this. Showily dressed and loud in their conversation, they made great efforts to mix with ease in our company, and for some inscrutable reason seemed to make special endeavors to become intimate with our own party; Mr. Grice attaching my uncle, and his wife devoting herself to us.

We were at no pains to conceal our aversion to their ill-mannered and offensive intrusion, but they seemed determined to accept no rebuff. Lily said that we had met here the most pleasant and the most unpleasant persons whom we had ever seen in our travels. The former class, I presume, mainly embraced Mr. Gregory.

Even since Mr. Smith's visit on the previous day, my uncle had seemed to be unusually worried and anxious. Something had happened at the office, it appeared, which caused him very great uneasiness, and he kept a constant watch for the post. Lily and I were troubled about it, but were hardly prepared for his sudden announcement at lunch the next day, upon receiving a letter from town, that we must pack up at once and return by the first morning train.

We had no objection to escape from the Grices, but in spite of Mr. Gregory's ill repute for his mysterious arts, we were very sorry to leave him, to say nothing of the abrupt and unexpected termination of our holiday.

The Grices were sitting next to us when my uncle made this announcement, and I saw a peculiar look of significance pass between them. Mr. Gregory was sitting at the other end of a long dining-table, and quite out of earshot, but he came up immediately after we rose from the table, and said:—

"A very sad thing, this sudden departure of yours!"

"Mr. Gregory," I replied, "you are perhaps aware that you are under grave suspicions of being in league with the powers of darkness, and this is another proof. How could you possibly know?"

"Oh, ill news travels fast," he said, laughing. "But it is a very hot after-

noon, what do you say to a little reading?"

Lily here squeezed my arm vigorously, but I answered:—

"I fear my uncle will not let us go out of his sight. He feels it his duty to keep special guard over us while we are in such dangerous company."

"Never mind," he said, "I will read to him as well."

We were in the corner of the drawing-room near a window looking out on a covered balcony which overlooked the garden. My uncle came up and returned Mr. Gregory's courteous greeting in a manner which was, I fear, not very gracious.

"May I trouble you for the paper after you, sir?" said he.

"Certainly," was the answer. "But may we not all enjoy it together? With your permission I will read aloud to the company."

My uncle looked considerably astonished at this unusual proposal. Lily looked up with open eyes and curious expression, this being not exactly the kind of reading she had intended. But the offer was seriously made and repeated, and my uncle, who dearly liked being read to, gave a dubious consent.

Miss Lily, with filial affection, made him particularly comfortable in an arm-chair, and Mr. Gregory commenced reading a long prosy article on French politics. He read with anything but his usual spirit, and in a soft, low, monotonous voice. The consequence was (as had possibly been not wholly unforeseen) that my uncle was soon enjoying his accustomed afternoon siesta. The reading, having become gradually slower and softer, now ceased, and the reader, looking up, suggested by a slight gesture an adjournment to the garden.

Lily and I tried to smother our laughter and look shocked, but we adopted the suggestion.

A book of poetry was quickly produced, and I found that there is a difference between hearing French politics read in a stuffy drawing-room to a middle-aged gentleman, and hearing "Enoch Arden" read in a cool shady alcove, to a pretty, dark-eyed, lovable maiden, with tender bosom heaving in sympathy with poor Enoch's sorrows, especially when the reader is a handsome young man, with an exquisitely modulated voice, able to do full justice to the harmonious numbers of the Laureate.

At the end of half an hour I was startled by an exclamation from Lily. Looking up, I saw in the garden below, sitting on a seat under the trees with their faces towards us, our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Grice. The gentleman was keeping up apparently a desultory conversation with his wife. They waved their hands on catching our eye, and beckoned us to come and join them, which we did not.

Mr. Gregory, instead of going on with his reading, continued to regard them intently, and asked us whether we knew them. We said:—

"No."  
"But they seem to know you," he said.

We explained how they had favored us with their attention. To our disappointment, he could not be induced to go on with his reading, but he continued to stare at the couple before us; and at last when they strolled off in different directions he said he that he must apologize for having an engagement, and he left us abruptly.

"A strange young man, indeed!" we thought, and we were still more surprised when in about an hour he returned, and asked my uncle to be allowed a private conversation with him. My uncle seemed startled at this request (and so, by the way, did Lily), but after a short pause he led the way into an adjoining apartment.

The conversation which, as we subsequently learned, was as follows:—"I am about, sir," said Mr. Gregory, "to refer to your private affairs to an extent which will surprise you, but I hope to be able to render you a service which will be an ample excuse for my intrusion. You are, I believe, returning to town to-morrow?"

"Yes."  
"The cause of your return is, I believe, connected with the forgery of a certain check in your name."

"Sir, how can you possibly know that?"  
"The check was brought to you for your inspection three days ago by one of the clerks of the bank, a Mr. Smith, and it is now in your possession."

My uncle was speechless.

"Hear me further. The accuracy of my statements hitherto may claim credence for what I am about to

affirm. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there are now in this establishment two persons who have been employed to regain possession of the checks of that forged paper. They suspect that you have it, and already your room and your daughter and niece's room have been searched, and it only remains to search your person."

My uncle turned pale.  
"It is known that you are leaving to-morrow morning, and the attempt will be made between now and then. Will you allow me to offer you my advice?"

I will not attempt to describe my respected uncle's condition of body and mind at this part of the interview, suffice it to say that the proffered advice was ultimately adopted.

On that evening my uncle declined to accompany us when, an hour after dinner, the house emptied on to the promenade. Mr. Gregory was also missing, and had not appeared at dinner. The Rev. Mr. Briggs took us under his care. My uncle was already nodding in his chair as we went out. Twenty minutes afterwards two of the company softly re-entered the room. This I had from an eye-witness. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Grice. Mrs. Grice stood at the door, and her husband advanced gently across the floor to where my uncle lay back in his chair, snoring audibly, his handkerchief over his head, his coat thrown open, and a pocketbook just showing in his breast pocket.

Mr. Grice crept up to him, abstracted the book with a practiced hand, put it into his own pocket, and turned to go.  
Now, as he recrossed the room he had to pass before a large lounge, with long hangings in front, and he was, perhaps, somewhat surprised to find his ankles seized in the firm grip of a pair of hands thrust out suddenly from under the lounge. As he fell, his amiable partner turned round—into the arms of a detective officer. At the same moment Mr. Gregory entered through the window from the balcony.

"This is your pocket-book, sir," said one of the detectives.  
"Thank you," said my uncle. "It has nothing in it, but I am glad to have it back again."  
Mr. and Mrs. Grice were removed at once to another establishment in the neighborhood, where the company was very select, the hours very regular, and the maintenance very cheap: a style of establishment which it was subsequently proved they had frequented in more than one part of the country.

Amidst considerable excitement we promenaded late that night. My uncle said:—

"You have rendered me a service, sir, which lays me under the deepest obligation to you. I have no doubt that the original delinquents, of whom these creatures are only tools, will be brought to justice. Finding that we are on their track, they have made this effort to destroy the proof of their guilt, and prevent us from submitting it to experts. Thanks to you they have failed. I can only say how welcome will be any opportunity of making any return to you, however slight."

"I shall certainly take you at your word, sir," was the answer.

"And now, Mr. Gregory," continued my uncle, "will pardon our curiosity if we beg you to tell us the means by which you were able to divine the intentions of our departed friends?"

"Oh, Mr. Gregory," cried Lily, "you must tell us. We are on thorns to know, and will do anything in the world you like to mention if you tell us."

"On those terms, I consent," said he, with a curious look at Lily, which made her suddenly blush very much, as I could see even in the moonlight.  
"You may have noticed," began Mr. Gregory, "that I am somewhat deaf, and I have been much so. In consequence of this I have acquired the art, which I believe almost any one can acquire, of reading the movements of the lips in the same way that the deaf and dumb are taught to do, so that I can always understand what people say if only they are within seeing distance; and my sight is very acute. I need hardly say that I avoid *overseeing* conversation, if you will allow the expression, as much as I would *overhear* it; but I frequently see people speak a few words on accidentally glancing at them. I think that what has puzzled you will now be plain. Perhaps I ought to confess that I have yielded a little to the temptation

of mystifying the company during the last week, especially in the case of Mr. Briggs, who has, like many people who have lived a good deal alone, a habit of talking to himself as he goes along, which he is scarcely aware of. This afternoon, however, I watched the Grices in good earnest. I was very much astonished at what I saw. Your sudden departure had disarranged their plans, and they had a full discussion of past and future operations. It was not at all a bad idea to hold their deliberations before your very eyes, so as to keep up their watch on your movements and disarm suspicion, but they had taken no precautions against being *overseen*. The rest you know."

"But how about the purchase of the hair-wash, that sad proof of occult art?" said I.  
"Oh, that had nothing to do with it. I was in the shop, being shaved, and I saw the transaction in a looking-glass."

Later still, when my uncle had gone in, I heard him quietly say:—"So you will do whatever I like to mention?"

But these words were not addressed to me, and I judged it best to fall into the rear, and having no gift of clairvoyance myself, I cannot tell you the rest of the conversation. I can only add that our return was postponed, and that shortly after these events Mr. Gregory again requested a private conversation with my uncle; that he had again some revelations to make concerning a conspiracy of two, male and female in this case also; and that shortly after the pair of conspirators had been "sentenced for life" by one of Her Majesty's Judges, a similar sentence was pronounced upon the other pair by the Rev. Mr. Briggs.

## Married Folks would be Happy

If home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they try to be agreeable as in courtship days.

If each remembered that the other was a human being, not an angel.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they are to their lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of Summer.

If both parties remembered that they were married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they are for their sweetheart.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

## KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

You will accomplish no good by losing it. Many men in the various pursuits of life date their failure from some hasty or ill-considered word or act, said or done during a fit of ill-temper.

When things go wrong, business gets dull and the prospect dark ahead, it will afford poor consolation to indulge in passionate and angry remarks to those who are around us.

The expression of a man's face is a very good indication of his internal feelings. The world judges men by their outward conduct; and an ill-natured, cross-grained man rarely becomes successful.

Solomon says: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh cities. Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? There is more hope for a fool than for him." Difficulties disappear when met calmly and resolutely. They increase with ill-nature and anger; therefore, keep your temper.

The gleam of falling water, according to Mr. J. S. Gardner, attracts certain insects as powerfully as does artificial light. In Iceland he has observed moth after moth to fly deliberately into a waterfall and disappear. He thinks trout prefer broken streams on account of the abundance of feed furnished by the self-destruction of the insects, and not, as is usually supposed, because of the great aeration of the water.

## Fishing for Amber.

At Konigsberg the right to collect amber on the beach near Schwarzort during a space of twelve years from the first of December next was sold to the firm of Becker & Co., which was held to contract during the last twenty-four years. The price paid is 150,000 marks a year—say \$37,000. The Prussian coast of the Baltic, between Memel and Konigsberg, yields more amber than any other known locality, and it is from this source that the great demand for the material in the East is supplied. Originally Konigsberg did a vast business in amber, having some seventy turners, but Dantzie is now the chief seat of the industry, and notably of the manufacture of mouth-pieces for pipes. In old times the grand masters of the Teutonic order enjoyed a monopoly in the amber trade; then it passed to the crown, and very stringent regulations were enacted to prevent its infringement; "Strand-riders" patrolled the coast, and a range of gallows was kept in standing terror, on which the hapless peasant taken with a piece of the precious material in his possession was hanged out of hand. Even now it is a theft for a person to retain a piece of amber he has picked up on the coast, and a trespass to venture there in certain districts. The amber, washed out of extensions of coal-beds beneath the sea, comes up to the shore in the sea-weed cast up after a storm. The men drag the weed on shore in nets, and the women and children pick out the amber.

## WOMANLY MODESTY

Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky and a full-blown rose leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when emerging from behind a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration of pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to a figure in painting—it gives distinctness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty. It sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is borrowed from virtue. Botanists have given the rosy hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint which Christian virtue should use. It is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower diffusing an unwholesome odor, which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholy. Beauty passes like the flowers of the albe, which bloom and die in a few hours, but modesty gives charms which supply the place of transitory freshness of youth.

## A NEW KIND OF BREAD.

Newspaper men, in their efforts to make straight, shady and easy the paths of domestic life, are met often with barriers and rebuffs. A writer of this class gave a recipe for making a new kind of bread: Two or three days afterward a small woman with a sharp face and a sharp eye, and carrying something concealed under her shawl, came to that newspaper office and called for the writer of the receipt. She appeared anxious and eager, and subject to disquieting impulses. If a man had appeared under similar circumstances, every man in that office would have taken to his heels, and hid in the attic with the door locked until the man had disappeared; but as it was a woman, the writer, in company with his best bow and smile, obeyed the summons.

"You are the man who wrote the recipe about the new bread?"  
"Yes'm."  
"And did you say that equal parts of rye meal and cracked corn were to be added to two quarts of pale ale?"  
"Yes'm."  
"And a cup of mucilage to give it body?"  
"Yes'm."

"And sweeten with a pint of thoroughwort tea?"  
"Yes'm."

"And to bake five hours by the clock, and serve a la mode?"  
"Yes'm."

"Well, that is what I come for—to serve—a la Mode—take that! and from under her shawl came a loaf of bread, built upon the aforesaid plan, which descended upon the recipe man like a hod of brick from the fourth story. He will not be out for several days, and when he is his nose will be crooked.

## An Angel's Touch.

In San Francisco, one evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea. "How's your mother?" asked the boy, who came forward to wait on her. "Awfully sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait on some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and asking who she was, said:

"Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when the poor child and her mother want. Here's a two dollar bill that say I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: "Just look a there—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out from her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out:

"What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and wear, and my hand burns yet where the angel touched it."

When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said:

"Well now, but ma won't hardly believe me that an angel came down with the money for us."

## By the Sad Sea Waves.

Last Sunday July 30th, quite a large company of well known and popular deaf-mute gentlemen met on board the Steamer Grand Republic en route for Rockaway Beach.

Leaving the boat at the last landing, they proceeded to Harper & Stumps Pavilion for dinner. While the quality as well as the prices of edibles are not exactly satisfying in comparison with city meals and prices, still the sea air giving one a rather sharp appetite, we felt with a will.

After dinner, I. Soper and Leo. Greis, together with a few speaking friends that were met with on the beach, had a quiet little game of bowling alleys for the sake of muscular culture. The game ending, a dip in old King Neptune's Ocean was suggested, but several of the wise ones shook their heads with sorrowful glances noting the wide expansion of their vests in the region of the stomach, and turning the tables a stroll to the Mammoth Hotel was voted.

On the way, pouncing down upon us with swoop of an eagle on the wing, came Geo. L. Reynolds, whose absence had been noted when the boat cast off, and whose excuse was "didn't exactly know which boat you would be on."

Time flying fast and several of the company having an engagement for the evening, it was decided to walk up to the first landing, where we arrived just in time to witness the rescue of a man from drowning—doubtless too much freewater and a tumble from a row boat.

All aboard and homeward bound with a surprise in the way of meeting Mr. Ward, wife and brother, of New Jersey, with whom we enjoyed quite a delightful little chat.

For the sake of those who missed friends from their usual haunts last Sunday, we will give the names of those who enjoyed themselves to their hearts content.

Messrs. Weinberger and youngest son, Ex-Alderman Russell and son, Jahring, Soper, Stengele, Reynolds, McDougall, of New Jersey, and Leo. Greis. Mr. Stratton and family were also on board the some boat on the way down to the beach, but left at the second landing.

LEON.

Next we shall have a coat-tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean: "I don't like her father."



E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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We think Peter B. Gulick's proposition to make "a suitable present" to Senator Taylor in recognition of the part he took in having an Institution for deaf-mutes established in New Jersey, is a very absurd and sycophantic-flavored project. In the first place, we doubt if it would be legal for Senator Taylor to accept a present. It would be misconstrued as a bribe. And, in the second place, we do not see how the deaf-mutes will be gainers by the establishment of a home institution. Educationally speaking, they would be better off if they received their schooling abroad. Not that the New Jersey School will not in time become good and efficient, but because, at the start, and probably for a few years, the advantages and facilities will be cramped and incomplete. "Rome was not built in a day," and no one can expect the New Jersey Institution, with one mighty leap, to at once reach the pinnacle of success. A great deal depends upon the Principal and teachers—who, so far as we can learn, have not yet been appointed. Senator Taylor did his duty, in an official capacity, to the State of New Jersey, and we are loth to believe that integrity and honesty are so rare in that State that instances should be specially recognized and rewarded. Had no provision for the education of deaf-mute children hitherto been made, there might be some sense in the gratitude which Mr. G. seems to feel and wishes to substantially express; but New Jersey has always made appropriation for the schooling of every deaf-mute child within her borders, which fact proclaims that the establishment of a home institution is more for the benefit of the State of New Jersey than for the present generation of the deaf and dumb.

The recall of Mr. Hutton as Principal of the Halifax, Deaf-Mute Institution, seems to have had an indirect, and we hope a salutary effect upon the state of things in connection with deaf-mute education in New Brunswick. There has been a school in St. John, N. B., but most of the deaf-mutes who lived in New Brunswick, have been sent to the Institution in Nova Scotia. No one cares to know the reason for this, the fact that it has been done is sufficient, and Mr. Woodbridge, the late Principal of the Halifax Institution, in a public letter printed in the St. John, N. B., *Sun*, as also at a public meeting held in that city and reported in the daily *Sun*, proposes to start a new school where ample accommodations and facilities may be afforded for the education of all New Brunswick deaf-mutes. Mr. Abel, the present principal of the school at St. John, is a deaf-mute, and Mr. Woodbridge thinks that it should incapacitate him for superintending a deaf-mute school. Now, while reasoning of this kind may be truthfully applied to individual cases, we do not think it would apply to all, and cite the Mackay Institution as an example of prosperous management by a deaf-mute. In the United States there are several schools managed by deaf-mutes, and we have never had the least intimation from any source that the management of the schools or the educational training was inefficient. We are sorry we can not say the same of the school at St. John. We have received many letters concerning it and the principal, but deeming them too personal and slanderous in tone, they were not printed. Let us hope, for the sake of deaf-mute children who are the real sufferers, that the educational facilities in the Province of New Brunswick will ere long be greatly enhanced.

## ITEMIZER.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

## News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Cornelius Delory was in New York City Sunday last.

"Mignon" entertained "Bella L." royally not long since.

The Ohio Alumni Reunion occurs September 1st, 2d and 3d, at Columbus, O.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain officiated to a good sized congregation at St. Ann's last Sunday.

Tom Brown, of New York City, is excited all over about the coming excursion of the C. L. U.

Sylvester Horton is working as a teamster on the railroad at Ansonia, Pa. His wages are \$20 a month.

A large number of mutes, of New York, are bound to attend the Norwich Convention, east what it may.

George W. Bingham went on an excursion to Mount Alto Park, about sixty miles from Harrisburg, Pa., on the 15th ult.

Mr. Geo. E. Kohler, of York, Pa., caught 180 fish, comprising suckers, cat-fish and pikes, in one hour and a half, two weeks ago.

Mr. John Tainter, a deaf-mute farmer of Georgetown, N. Y., reports a good potato crop this year, and says the potato-bugs are scarce.

James P. Donohue and a couple of friends of New York City, took a stroll in the country on July 30th.

Rev. Mr. Mann baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Blood in St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., on Tuesday evening, July 25th.

The Rev. Mr. Gallagher, and Rev. Mr. Mann conducted a "joint service" at Christ Church, Adrian, Mich., on Thursday evening, July 27th.

In answer to Mr. W. H. Green's inquiry, Mr. B. Newton Parsons informs him that W. L. Butcher's address is 40 Court St., Utica, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth O'Brien, of Philadelphia, is visiting at the home of George Zimmermann, in St. Louis, Pa. She will return to Philadelphia in a few weeks.

At a picnic held near Georgetown, N. Y., on the 20th of July, Miss Gertrude Morrow, a deaf-mute girl, rendered the Lord's Prayer in the sign-language.

Miss E. Rennde, of New York City, is in Albany, and expects to remain a couple of weeks. She is the guest of Miss Tiekner. They were schoolmates at the Lexington Avenue Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrod moved from Michigan to Beauman, Ia., about two weeks ago. They have two hearing children. Mr. Sherrod is a shoemaker. They were both educated at Flint, Mich.

Volney P. Ballard met an old schoolmate, Dennis Dewey, at Iowa City, Ia. Mr. Dewey has no trade. His father died about two years ago, but his mother is still living. He has four sisters and one brother.

A fellow by the name of Kavanagh is reported to be giving sign-exhibitions, similar to those given by the notorious Kennedy, at camp meetings and revivals in different parts of the west. He ought to follow some trade.—Cor.

Wm. H. Lawley, of Lykens, Pa., visited John W. Gray and Alfred Hockley, in Dunoon, last week. He also was in Harrisburg on the 25th of July, and visited Daniel Bunk and Geo. W. Bingham, who was his classmate at the Philadelphia Institution eight or nine years ago.

While V. P. Ballard was in Brooklyn, Ia., he met Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Francis, a deaf-mute couple who are well-to-do. They have eight hearing children. They possess a farm of 160 acres and a good deal of live stock. They were schoolmates of Mr. Ballard at Jacksonville, Ill. They live between Brooklyn and Malcome, Ia.

"Mignon rendered the poem of 'To and Fro,' and 'Bella L.' 'Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' by request at Odd Fellow's Hall, East Germantown, Indiana, the other evening. The following is an extract from the presiding officer: 'I beg to assure you that your recitations were most agreeable and a pleasing feature to our entertainment. Please accept the thanks of Walnut Level Lodge, individually expressed through the presiding officer, J. L. McDANIEL.'

## A Boy Shockingly Lacerated by a Dog.

Genoa (N. Y.) Gazette, July 14.  
On Wednesday last Philip VanKenselsaer, aged about 12 years, son of Fritz VanKenselsaer, Esq., and Hammond Tuttle, took the morning train for Long Point, which is reached by a walk of one mile after leaving Brown's station on the S. G. & C. railroad. On the pedestrian portion of their trip they were savagely attacked by a hound owned by Mr. Buckley, living in the vicinity of the Point. The brute first went for young Tuttle, who took to his heels, scaled a fence and climbed up a tree, thus escaping onslaught. Poor VanKenselsaer, fairly dazed by the sudden and unlooked-for attack, seemed fixed in his tracks; and when Tuttle got beyond his reach the savage animal turned and sprang upon the former, fastening its jaws with vicious grip upon one hand, in releasing which the flesh was torn from it. The boy then sought to flee from the brute, when again and again it seized him by the leg and body, lacerating the flesh in a shocking and painful manner. The animal was finally driven off by Mrs. Buckley, when Tuttle assisted his bleeding companion to the hotel. On their arrival Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw were most assiduous in their efforts to relieve the sufferings of the injured lad, binding up and stitching the wounds as best they could with facilities at hand; after which he was conveyed to the first steamer bound north, and he reached home at 4:30 p. m. Since his arrival he has had the skillful services of Dr. A. B. Smith; and we are glad to be assured that no serious consequences are likely to result. The dog is promptly dispatched, and the owner made to pay roundly for keeping such a vicious brute.

Prof. T. L. Brown, of Michigan, has been invited to preach before the Boston Mute Society August 6th.

Prof. T. L. Brown is visiting with his father, T. Brown, in West Heniker, N. H. The old man is enjoying his company.

Henry A. Chapman, a very nice young man, of Salem, is collecting for Mr. Swett's school, and he reports doing well.

"Bella L." has returned to her home, No. 109 E. St. Joe Street, Indianapolis, after rusting in Wayne Co., nearly four weeks.

Last Thursday, two mutes from Fanwood were seen tramping in the Central Park. They were nearly lost trying to find the place where the obelisk stands.

The Providence mutes were powerfully glad to see the July W. A. Jackson, Saturday evening last. He reports having a splendid time while in New York.

Walter Lawrence, brother of R. B. Lawrence, of Morgan City, La., is dangerously ill with typhoid fever. He was a pupil at the New York Institution for two years.

Mrs. Levi A. Lester, of Providence, went to Harvard, Mass., last Tuesday, to see her brother. She will soon go to her birthplace in Vermont. She was accompanied by her child, Mand.

Harry Jordan, of Newton, Mass., a graduate of the Northampton School, left Providence, R. I., Saturday, for home, after a three weeks' visit to friends. He will leave home in a few days for Belfast, Me., for a three weeks' sojourn.

W. H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., writes that he wants to know the manager of the New York mute nine who are to play in Norwich, Ct., next August. He is manager for the New England Deaf-Mute Base Ball Club and his nine are all ready.

Mr. McDougal, of Jersey City expects to visit her former home, at Stamford, Conn., on the 9th of August. She will spend three weeks with her uncle and aunt, and will return home on September 1st. She wishes Mr. and Mrs. Lewis a pleasant visit to the bracing country.

"Newcomer," who is rusticated out on the prairie in Benton Co., Ind., reports having splendid times, with no end of fun and company, and wishes "Bella L." and "Mignon" were with her to participate in the unbounded pleasure. She gets the *JOURNAL* and is happy.

Revs. Gallaudet and Mann expect to conduct services at Christ Church, Indianapolis, August 23d, at 7:30 p. m., and Christ Church, St. Louis, on the 24th, at the same hour. Mrs. Mann will accompany, "and possibly others may be in the party. They expect to reach Jacksonville before the organization of the Teachers' Convention.

Mr. Sidney Homer, son of Geo. Homer, of Boston, has returned from Europe, after a very enjoyable year of study and travel, to spend a short vacation with his friends. He leaves for Germany, where he will proceed with his musical studies in September. The family are spending the summer at Cottage City, near Oak Bluff, where they have hired a pleasant cottage for the season.

Mrs. J. B. Foster, of South Coventry, Ct., has lately received a first class photograph of Samuel A. Lewis, her cousin. His picture is a good likeness, though his looks are somewhat changed by his beard. He formerly lived in Williamstown, Ct. He moved to Anamosa, Iowa, 25 years ago. Mrs. Foster hopes that Mr. Lewis will be able to come and visit Connecticut next year.

The other day, Geo. A. Holmes, of Boston, was called to a police court to interpret for a person who professed to be deaf and dumb. He talked in signs and with the fingers to the supposed mute, but eliciting no other reply than a confused, unintelligible series of motions, declared him to be an impostor. Upon his word, the man trying to play the deaf and dumb dodge was sentenced to the house of correction. The sum of two dollars was given to Mr. Holmes for his services, and with the addition of fifty cents he invested it in a stylish white derby.

Some deaf-mutes of Jefferson Co., N. Y., paid full fare in coming to Watertown to attend a mute service for which Rev. Mr. Berry appointed July 26th. He requested a deaf-mute to put the notice in the daily paper, which request was complied with. The mutes went to Grace Church only to be disappointed at the non-appearance of the Rev., and of course they paid full fare in returning home in no better spirits than when they came to Watertown. The Rev. did not give any reason for his inability to fulfill his engagement or they would have been notified of it and saved the money they spent freely for that purpose. It is hoped that a good opinion they had formed of the Rev. will not be destroyed. [A satisfactory explanation was made by Rev. Mr. Berry, and published in the "Itemizer" column.—Ed.]

Mrs. Nye Brown, of Syracuse, and Miss Kate C. Shute, of Brooklyn, N. Y., started for the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, Monday last (July 31st), and enjoyed a sail of six hours among the beautiful scenery of the islands, and saw lots of pretty summer cottages on the islands they passed. On their return home from the islands the same night, they said they were much pleased with the profitable and enjoyable trip. The St. Lawrence is fortunate to have features that the old Rhine, of Germany, does not possess. Among them is the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, which a steamer shoots with safety. Every one is always on the qui vive when he knows that the steamer is going to descend the rapids. Prof. Eddy, of the Rome School, and Mr. Fox, of the Washington mute school, met Mrs. Brown and Miss Shute on the train from Rome and accompanied them to the Thousand Islands.

A graceful action was witnessed on the occasion of Prof. Weeks' sermon before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society. It is well known that Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, has been long at variance with the other brethren, upon what grounds does not matter here, and he happened to be present in the hall upon the occasion referred to. Prof. Weeks then and there invited him to open the services for him, which he did. This simple but beautiful action, so perfectly in harmony with the true spirit of christianity, especially with that sung by the celestial host upon the occasion of the Redeemer's birth, "Peace on earth, and good will to all men," was witnessed by all present and commended upon in terms of praise at Mr. Weeks' magnanimity and large heartedness. After Mr. Rowe had finished, Prof. Weeks remarked that in thus inviting Mr. Rowe to open with prayer, he but followed the custom of other churches, and he recognized in the latter only a brother of the same glorious work, though of a different faith, without regard to other considerations. It was unanimously agreed that the sentiments and example thus set might be followed with advantage by other bigoted persons who think themselves better than Mr. Rowe.

## NEW YORK.

## C. L. U. EXCURSION.

## A. Few Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At a special meeting of the Committee selected for the purpose, it was decided to hold the excursion of the Catholic Literary Union of Deaf-Mutes to Starin's Glen Island, Long Island Sound, on Wednesday, August 16th. It can not be properly styled an excursion, as the Union have not chartered a vessel for their own use, but will go by the regular line of steamers.

It was at first contemplated to charter a suitable vessel, whatever the cost might be, for "common sense" came to the front and spoke with such good effect that it was plainly seen it would be more advantageous to the Union and more appreciated by those intending to attend if the regular line is patronized. One of the reasons is that if the boat left at a specified time, all who wished to go would find it next to impossible to attend. But, as it now stands, they can leave the city at their convenience, and meet their companions at the Island.

The steamers on this line are among the fastest on the sound, and are under most effective and careful management. At present, those on the line are the *Sam Sloan*, *Laura M. Starin* and *John Sylvester*. They land on Courtlandt Street, North River; Jewell's wharf, Brooklyn, and at Twenty-third street, East River.

The East River and Long Island Sound, though not abounding in the scenery of the Hudson, has many points of interest. The first may be said to be Blackwell's Island, with its numerous imposing structures occupied as charitable and reformatory institutions. The light house and the awful whirlpools of Hell Gate come next. Randall's and Ward's Islands, with their magnificent buildings, can not fail to attract the eye; the forts at the entrance of the East River, with their warning signs "Don't anchor, torpedoes," has a war-like tone, and so on.

Besides the points of interest along shore, a never failing stream of vessels go by, which can not but fail to interest the excursionists.

Glen Island is a beautiful spot with park-like grounds, cages of rare and beautiful birds, Chinese pagoda, fine statuary, and magnificent old trees and buildings. Boating, bowling, billiards and fishing can be enjoyed to an unlimited extent. There is also a rifle range, where our deaf-mute marksmen can shoot at Dutchmen, pretty girls, pipes, etc. Dinners are served *a la carte*, and the lovers of clams can enjoy a genuine old fashioned Rhode Island clam bake.

The time table can be found in any of the daily papers, but for the convenience of deaf-mutes in general, the below is the time table as published in the *Sun*:

Pier 18 N. R. foot	Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn	Thirty-third St. E. R.
8:15 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
9:45 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	10:30 A.M.
10:45 A.M.	11:00 A.M.	11:30 A.M.
1:00 P.M.	1:15 P.M.	1:45 P.M.
2:15 P.M.	2:30 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
	3:15 P.M.	3:45 P.M.
	4:15 P.M.	4:45 P.M.

Returning, leave GLEN ISLAND 10:15, 11:45 A.M.; 12:45, 3:15, 5:30, 7 and 8 P.M.  
EXCURSION TICKETS, 40 CENTS.

The Committee having the matter in charge, have decided to fine or suspend any member guilty of misbehavior, and any outsider who creates a disturbance will be handed over to the tender mercies of the policemen on the Island, who will march him off on the next boat leaving the Island.

Lunch baskets are strictly forbidden on any part of the Island, except on the pavilion where "basketers" can do as they like, as long as they don't throw everything left over around. This is a preventive measure, for if basket picnicers were allowed to do as they pleased, the fine park-like grounds would soon present the appearance of a New York garbage scow.

If the 16th is rainy or otherwise unfavorable for the excursion, it will be postponed till the 17th. If the weather continues unfavorable on the 17th, the excursion will be given up.

About one hundred deaf-mutes have already decided to attend, and it is expected it will be a grand affair.

Thomas Dunn, Esq., or as he better known among the "lower six"—"Dummy Dunn"—is a semi-mute. He lives in the classic shades of "Jackson Hollow." "Jackson Hollow" is in Brooklyn. Dunn is a cigar maker. He gets his "tin" Saturday night. He gets drunk Sunday. Last Sunday he got drunk. He set all sail and steered for Raymond St. He has an enemy living on Raymond street. He decided to go for the enemy. He began by smashing the enemy's window. The enemy sauntered out with a crow-bar. He hit Dunn. Dunn got mad. He picked up a rock and gently tapped Kenny's nasal organ, drawing fresh blood. Kenny seemed astonished, and was still more astonished when a rock came sailing along, smashing his hat. Dunn suddenly recollected he had a pressing engagement in the City Park. He set off on a gallop. Kenny followed with the crow-bar, broken nose and black eye, at a canter. This raised Dunn's bile. He heaved a couple

of paving stones at Kenny. Kenny went for him with the crow-bar. Betting ran high as to who would come out on top. "One of the finest" suddenly loomed up on the edge of the crowd, and being interested colored both of the fighters. The judge at the station house declared the fight a draw, and all bets off. Dunn was discharged the next day. He is again making cigars, but the cigars are rather lopsided, because one of his optics are closed.

In regard to the steam ferry boat "Fanwood" belonging to the Erie Road, "a subscriber" is wrong. Jim Fisk never named the boat. It is named after a small town on the line of the Erie Road, as anyone can see by consulting a time table. Jim Fisk probably knew no more about "Old Fanwood" than a Sioux does about Choppin.

We regret to announce the death of the aunt of John O'Brien, of New York City. The lady suddenly became sick Sunday, and lingered for a day or two and died. She was buried last Wednesday in Calvary Cemetery, Queens Co., New York.

Mr. James Russell, of Harlem, contemplates taking a trip to Montreal, Canada, on the 21st of August.

William Grinnon, a graduate of the Buffalo Institution, and a semi-mute, may be seen at the Polo Grounds every day when the Metropolitan play. He is a sort of a steward for the "Mets," and has charge of all their paraphernalia.

Miss Lizzie Noble, who graduated from the New York Institution last June, went to Ocean Grove, N. J., last Thursday. She lives in a cottage with Miss L. Grey, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Smithson, of Cincinnati, Ohio. She will probably remain there during August.

Mr. Cornelius Delory, of Phillipsburg, N. J., was at St. Ann's last Sunday. He came down with an excursion party bound for Coney Island, but went no further than New York City.

Mr. Timothy Driscoll expects to leave Gotham shortly for Orange County.

X. X. X.

## Important to New Englanders, Attention!

I think it is due to those who intend to attend the next convention of the N. E. G. A., to inform them of an important measure which is now in contemplation by the Board of Managers of the Association. It is well known that the problem, "how can more members be added to the association?" has been seriously considered by the officers and other leading mutes of New England, for some time past. The fact that out of the hundreds who attend such conventions, a very small number only can be induced to become members has become a matter of notoriety. That is not very creditable to the good sense or pride of the mutes of New England. The non-members are allowed all the privileges of members except voting. They obtain reduced hotel rates and free return tickets at the expense of the regular, honest members. It is not right. It is not fair to those who have paid their membership fee to the association. The non-members should reflect that without the New England Gallaudet Association, they could not enjoy an opportunity every two years of meeting each other and having a good time. They should consider it their duty to support the association and help bear its burdens.

With all these facts in view, the Board of Managers are seriously discussing the question as to whether, all the privileges of the association should be restricted to members only—such as hotel rates, free-return tickets, etc. It may become a law. The majority of the Board are known to favor the measure. Two others are yet to be heard from. Upon the payment of one dollar, all persons may obtain hotel rates and free-return tickets, but those who refuse to pay, may be obliged to pay full rates for themselves.

This action seems to be rendered necessary by the fact as stated by Prof. Weeks that the railroad companies have agreed to furnish free return tickets only to delegates to the convention. In a recent letter, he wrote me that Prof. Fay, of Hartford, informed him it was the custom of the Ohio Alumni Association, to charge all comers one dollar for privileges, otherwise they would have to shift for themselves.

The money thus obtained will be used for defraying all expenses of the association. If I am not mistaken, this is also the custom with other organizations like ours.

In thus warning the public before a decision has been made in the matter by the Board, I have but considered it my duty as the time is so short, and plenty of time should be allowed to one and to consult his or her purse before coming to the convention. Forewarned is forearmed. If a decision is reached in the matter, the fact will be announced officially before the convention if possible.

HARRY WHITE.

Sec'y N. E. G. A.

## REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Pittsburg, Pa.,	Aug. 6th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 10th.
Dayton, O.,	" 11th.
Cincinnati, O.,	" 13th.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 20th.
Indianapolis, Ind.,	" 23th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	" 24th.
Jacksonville, Ill.,	" 26 to 31.

## GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

## Bulletin No. 33.

AURORA, ILLINOIS, July 27, 1882.

The following subscriptions have been paid since the last bulletin was issued:

John Carlin, New York City	\$1 00
(Through James S. Wells, of Baltimore.)	
Miss Ella Pegroy,	1 00
Miss Hennie Wicks,	1 00
" Katie Brock,	1 00
James S. Wells,	50
Mrs. F. F. Wells,	50
Miss Helen D. Wells,	25
Horace Dickinson,	25
Joseph Harrison,	50
Monday Johnson,	1 00
Levin Thomas,	25
Miss Mary A. Thomas,	25
" Annie Stewart,	10
" Emma Gross,	05
" Annie Holland,	05
George W. Galloway,	25
Miss Rachel E. Sugars,	15

Total, - - - - - \$ 8 10  
Amount already reported, - - - - - 1,284 20

Total to date, - - - - - \$1,292 30

A. G. DRAPER, Treasurer.

## VIEWS OF MR. CARLIN.

No. 212 West 25th Street, New York, July 18, '82.

A. G. DRAPER, Esq.,  
DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find my mite for the Garfield Memorial.

We can just now feel satisfied with the ultimate success of our object, and have good reason to believe that the same success will attend those of the Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet Memorials, should they sooner or later be proposed to the mute community. Your bulletins in the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, showing the speedy amounting of small contributions in a short time to the desired sum, seem to warrant that belief.

While struggling long and incessantly to save our Union, President Lincoln signed the Bill favorable to the establishment of the "National Deaf-Mute College." His characteristic kindness of heart, sound judgment and desire to afford the earliest advantages of a collegiate education to mutes promoted his good deed, and therefore this deed entitles his memory to the memorial suggested above.

In consideration of Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet being the originator of the first school for deaf-mutes in America, and of his paternal solicitude for their welfare, and of his ardent wish for better means of advancing their mental acquirements to the greatest possible degree, (and had he lived longer, he might have seen fully gratified in the erection of the College by his own son Edward), his blessed memory deserves to be memorialized, the style and location of which, together with those of Lincoln's, to be similar to Garfield's.

Yours truly,  
JOHN CARLIN.

## "THE BARTLETT MEMORIAL"

Service will commence August 27th at 10:30 p. m., in Park Congregational Church, Norwich, Ct., with a sermon by Rev. W. L. Bacon, D.D., and interpreted to the mutes by Prof. Abel S. Clark.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2:30 p. m., an eulogy on Prof. D. E. Bartlett will be given, and a hymn repeated in signs by Mrs. Follett, after which a collection will be taken up for the Norwich Fund. Letter reading will then commence, and short addresses will be given. Then all will repair in presence of the cloister where the unveiling will take place. A dedication prayer will follow, and a hymn in signs will close the exercises.

At 7:30 p. m., there will be a combined service at which the hearing may speak and the dumb make responses. This closes the day.

The N. E. G. A. will open its services Monday, August 28th, at 9:30 A.M., particulars of which will be given in future.

Arrangements with hotels have been made as follows:

Wauregan Hotel - - -	\$1.75
Union Square Hotel - - -	\$1.75
Metropolitan Hotel - - -	\$1.25
American Hotel - - -	\$1.25

Regular rates \$2.50 and \$3 per day. They have consented to a reduction on condition that two room together for three days or more.

The following lines have been pleased to reduce their fares.

New York and New England R. R., New London Northern and Central Vermont R. R., Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R., Concord and Nashua R. R., Worcester, Nashua and Rochester R. R. The New Haven Shore Line Division is to be heard from.

The Maine deaf-mutes will take the steamers from Bangor to Boston. The Boston and Portland Steamship Co. will reply soon. All deaf-mutes coming to Boston will take the New York and New England R. R., to



## COLUMBUS.

### Work Continuing to Progress.

#### A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

### Narrow Escape from Leg Amputation.

A partial inspection through the buildings of this Institution reveals to our notice here and there some neat improvements and needful changes. The large room that was used as a repository of natural curiosities has had its contents removed, and by a brick partition made into two available apartments, one of which will be reserved as a guest-room, and the other assigned to lady teachers. The girls' sitting-room, although situated on the front side of the Institution building, has long had the appearance of a back-room on account of its plain, unfurnished state; but now it comes considerably to the front in the betterment of its looks, since the floor has been oil-clothed, and the exterior otherways improved. Down in the school building on "A" floor, the hall at its entry greets the eyes with a heaven of beautiful paint-work—a full description of which is deferred until the day of its finish. Up in the chapel the wall around is receiving the touch of the brush in the hands of the painter (P. P. Pratt) beginning at the edge of the wood-work that lines the lower brick wall along with the floor, and reaching as high as four feet. It is of a light slate color and will, we think in its finish, give the effect of a neat and attractive appearance. The floors in the several stories in the main building have had the benefit of the carpenter's attention; in many places the worn out and uneven flooring has been torn up, and in its stead new planks laid down, thus—when painted—everything will be in presentable shape, as good as new, and at the same time clearing up the conundrum, Why is paint like charity? Because one conceals the deformed patches of repairing, while other hides a multitude of sins.

A tabular statement has been furnished to the press of the city by the Board of State Charities, showing the daily average attendance, the total current expenses for the year, and the cost per capita, of each of the several State institutions. That which concerns this Institution puts the average number of daily attendance at 426; the total current expenses during the year, \$82,511, and the cost per capita, \$175.84.

Chief boys-supervisor Lewis Fleniken is now acting-steward in the absence of Mr. Wakefield, who with his wife is on a rustivating tour in the east.

Mr. Scott, of the *Vis-a-Vis* office, who for several weeks has been at some job work for the use of this Institution, has just got through with it, and is at present taking lessons in handling the painter's brush. As there will be painting to be done in our big house at every recurring vacation, the opportunity of acquiring this branch of art Mr. S. seems to think too good to let it have the go-by. He is right.

An offer of \$10 reward was posted upon the bulletin-board in the main hall of the Institution, if memory serves us faithfully, in the following words: "\$10 will be paid to any one giving such information as will lead to the detection of the person or persons who took from this bulletin-board a certain letter addressed to me." "P. P. PRATT," "July 26, 1882."

Signour Jaumel Parkee (Jas. M. Park) is still flirting desperately with Miss Santa Barbara. According to the information gathered from authentic sources, she is a most lovely and beautiful place on the coast of Southern California. How soon he will succeed in tearing himself from this love of nature and art, to return to the bosom of his family, we are not as yet in a position to give the exact date, but it is given—about the time of the Ohio Reunion, which will take place here Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d next. It is understood he will visit San Francisco and Oakland before he will finally start out on his return over the Pacific R. R.

There is a large tied-up bag often dangling in the Institution, the contents within which are in constant motion so the distortions (the jerking or thrusting of the elbows) against the sides of the bag can be plainly seen. It excites the curiosity of those who are fortunately sharp enough to observe that something unusual is going on—it incites thirst of knowledge after the facts; but we are not willing to appear to be unduly prying into somebody's (at present) private affairs, so we will patiently bide our time until the "cat," or whatever it may prove to be, is let out of the bag.

Congress recently passed a bill appropriating the sum of \$200,000, for the purchase of a site, and the erection thereupon of a government building, the first floor of which will be used for our new post-office. The commission appointed by the U. S. Treasury

Department, consisting of three prominent disinterested gentlemen from remote parts of the state, to examine sites and report one for the location of a post-office in Columbus, were in the city on Wednesday of last week. They have concluded their examination and will make their report to Secretary Folger. While the report has not been made public, the feeling among gentlemen favoring a convenient site is that the property at State and Third streets has been selected. It is understood that this property was placed at the disposal of the commission for \$56,000, including the full three lots, 187½x187½, owned by Messrs. Hildreth and Taylor & O'Hara. The idea of getting as much ground as possible under the circumstances, with a view of holding it for future use, in case the city needed enlarged postal facilities, doubtless will have had much to do with the selection of this site, should it be the one decided upon. The next one possible, but not probable is the site on Broad street between Capital Hotel and Mr. Gill's residence.

A special telegram to the Columbus, O., *Dispatch*, an evening paper, on Saturday last, contains the following marriage notice: "Washington, C. H., O., July 29, 1882.—Joseph Ancil and Caroline Ellis, deaf-mutes, were married this morning in the Probate Judge's office by Rev. T. M. Leslie. They were accompanied by five relatives of the bride, all of whom are deaf and dumb."

An instant of economy and industry was enacted at the shoe-shop of this institution one Saturday afternoon—Ed. J. Scott, the handsome foreman of the *Vis-a-Vis*, Matt. H. Mullen, the eloquent valetictorian of Class '82, and the dashing Bowersmith, (who on sight approaches ladies with dangerous velocity,) all mending their own shoes! What institution can beat such an interesting trio?

Bad news from the old homestead of Mr. J. D. H. Stewart at North Royalton, 15 miles south of Cleveland, O., have disarranged his plans for the remainder of the vacation, and urge an early departure—to the bedside of his aged mother who is not expected to live but a little while longer. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart shut up their house, and left on Friday last.

An accident happened on the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo R. R., fifteen minutes past three o'clock, Wednesday afternoon of last week, through a misplaced switch about three miles northwest of this city. The only person injured was the mail agent Orin G. Byers, a son of Rev. Mr. Byers, Secretary of the Board of State Charities, and brother of Mrs. Annie M. Byers, recently re-appointed teacher of this Institute. The sudden stop or collision hurled Mr. Byers out of his mail car, broke one of the bones in his ankle and badly bruised his hip.

The Oak street pavement, which is directly in the rear of this Institution, has been completed between Seventh street and Washington avenue, and, undoubtedly is now the finest and most durable piece of roadway in the city. It is the cobble-stone and grout pavement; the foundation consists of coarse gravel on which the cobble-stone are laid, after having been sorted and selected. A course of grout is used to fill in the interstices about half way, and then comes the ramming process, by which the entire mass is hammered down solid. On top of this comes a course of grout and silicate, which makes the surface level and impervious to water. This kind of pavement, when well constructed, they say will stand the wear and tear of travel for twenty years.

An unfettered-looking specimen of the honest yeomanry of Ohio, went on the rounds in the institution, the other day, carrying on his arm that which has an illustrious name in the vegetable world—a watermelon!

Our hospital has a little boy of ten years of age, by the name of James Roads, yet convalescing there. He has been so confined well nigh six months, all this as the result of his truantship. During last winter, he clung so tenaciously to the habit of slipping away from school and evening study, that neither scolding, severe reproof and rough collaring, nor any amount of shaking and, as a last resort, the reluctant application of the rod could avert him from the evil bent of his legs. James was a born truant. We had heard of Water-Cure, but Truant-Cure was what we needed in this case; it was advertised (in signs) near and far, and at last it came from an unexpected quarter. One morning he was found limping. He had received a kick in the knee from a horse, the previous evening. Brave little fellow, he tried to make light of it, but in a few days it grew into a serious sore, which has laid him up ever since. It long baffled the skill of the physician, and indeed as late as the closing day of the school, it was seriously contemplated to have his leg undergo amputation. A little delay ensued, and unexpectedly a happy turn occurred. Now his knee is doing nicely.

The oft-referring to the old structure as being torn down or removed has about become, we fear, a stale thing to most of our readers. A part of the brick building still stands as if it were ruins, not only disgusting everybody (save perhaps the contractors themselves), but the disgust has also degenerated into the animal kingdom, for we noticed the other day a desertion on the part of the inveterate rab.

NUMBER FIVE.

Activity is not a proof of industry more than a handsome face is proof of a warm heart.

## FANWOOD.

### Murmurings of the Last Week of July.

#### A VARIETY OF CULLINGS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Vacation is half over. The plasterers are at work repairing the ceiling of the boys' study room. Their method of working is to pound on the ceiling till the plaster falls, then leisurely plaster up the hole again. The plasterer, like the plumber, is born, not made.

The jolly Bernard Gallagher got a new suit of clothes on Monday, July 24th, and on the next day started for Washington, where he will stay during August.

The Fanwood Base Ball Club, composed of young lads (pupils) residing in New York and Brooklyn, beat the South Side Club (hearing) by the score of 24 to 16, on Wednesday, July 26th. The game was played on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn. An admission fee was charged to witness the game, and the hearing club gobbled all the stamps, leaving the glory to the mutes.

While George Porter was "swiping" at a green apple with his croquet mallet last week, the head slipped from the handle and whizzed past W. Durian's face. Had it been an inch or two nearer, Willie would have joined "the innumerable caravan."

Supervisor Bennett returned from his vacation July 26th. He reports having a good time, and says the Jersey mosquitoes are as companionable as ever.

We hear that James Nash, whilom Jehu for Dr. Peet, is making good wages in the iron works at Riegelsville, N. J. It is stated that he will pocket \$48 this month, the proceeds of his industry and energy.

George Porter received a letter from the editor of the *Liberty*, N. Y., *Register*, offering him steady work at type-setting in the fall. He has not decided whether or not to accept the offer.

John Glass is spending his vacation with Peter Buttery, Jr., on his father's farm at Jericho, L. I. He is having a happy time.

The captured balloon was repaired and "sent up" on Tuesday evening. It shot like a rocket for about four hundred feet, when the paper took fire, and in a moment the mighty air ship dissolved into thin air.

Stephen F. Sloat took a way train for Middletown, N. J., on Wednesday, July 26th. He will seek repose and recreation on his father's farm, harvesting and doing other light chores.

The High Class boys are noted for playing practical jokes on each other. Some are of a rather rough character, and are not taken in a meek and submissive spirit. Not long ago, Theodore Lounsbury, who is at present the joker of the class, obtained a quantity of tar and carefully smeared the sheets of Walter Bingham's bed.

That gentleman, who sleeps in his undergarments, did not discover any thing to be out of the way until the next morning, when, in attempting to rise, he was unable to do so. At last, with a superhuman effort he succeeded in getting on his feet, and found that the sheets were clinging to him like an affectionate mother-in-law. After considerable difficulty, he tore the garments from his person, rolled them into a bundle and wrathfully stalked down to the Superintendent's office. Tradition does not say whether or not Lounsbury had his hide tanned.

George Schuman, night watch at the Tarrytown Branch, but who has been supplying Mr. Gerloff's place here, left for a two week's vacation July 27th. He stopped for two days in Tarrytown, and is now enjoying the scenery in Mauch Chunk, Pa.

On Friday last, George Porter went to Long Branch to meet his friend Alex Pach, who is "helping" in his uncle's photograph establishment at Ocean Grove. George says Alex is great on the swim, and that every morning he goes down

"Beside the waves which ebb and flow,  
And sings, a la Lord B:  
'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,  
Roll, roll,' but not on me."

The flues connected with the large oven in the bakery have been cleaned and put in first class order. Baker Beatty says they are cleaned and fixed up about once in six years.

A few days before vacation, it being very warm, M. R. Palmer, who was setting type in the *JOURNAL* office, removed his linen shirt, keeping only his undershirt on. In a few moments, a mischievous person saw the linen carefully tucked away out of sight, and without saying any thing quietly took it to the job press, which was running off the programme of the Closing Exercises, and printed one on the end where the linen has the widest and smoothest area. Myron was mad, of course, as he was afraid his mother, who would be obliged to wash the shirt, would imagine he had fallen into the job press. The mischievous person explained that "he only wanted to advertise the printing department."

John Lloyd, Jr., was kind enough, Saturday morning, to send a postal card announcing that he would call during the afternoon on "business." Like a prompt business man, he was on hand Sunday at the bewitching hour when dinner draweth nigh, and commenced business on the business-end of a hunk of bread in the dining room. Oh business, how many mouthfuls are bolted in thy name!

By a strange dispensation of Providence it was ordained that one of our pupils named Edwin Lyng, should plod through this ridiculous world with never a smile. The muscles of his jaws are so constructed that they will admit of no other movement save an up and down one, which enables him to partake of food. This unromantic young man called on Saturday, and said he had obtained a job through vacation at clay shovelling.

"It's an ill wind that blows no body good." The new picket fence, erected in the place of the one burned down a couple of weeks ago, adds greatly to the beauty of its surroundings near the shops.

Frank Jourdan is a fleet runner. With the thermometer 99 in the shade, Friday last, he ran on an errand and return to Fring's cigar store in the village, in precisely 8 minutes.

While Thomas Jamieson was diving from the Institution dock Saturday last, his hand came in contact with a bottle on the river bottom, and he brought it to the surface. It was occupied as a residence by a queer shaped fish which repeatedly swallowed and spit out its young.

George Porter, John Lloyd, Jr., and William Durian expect to go to Long Branch on August 6th, and would be pleased to meet Alex Pach. They would like Anthony Capelli to accompany them.

Elmer E. Smith prides himself on being a good wing shot. He would like to know who is the deaf-mute champion shot of New York.

Dr. Porter, wife and son, returned to the Institution Saturday last. They were at Saratoga for a week and afterwards went to the White Mountains and Old Orchard, Me. They spent two hours on the top of Mount Washington snowballing, on the day that sizzling New Yorkers sizzled at the thermometer which marked ninety-nine degrees in the shade.

Thomas F. Fox and Jonathan H. Eddy will soon go to the Adirondack Mountains.

A gathering of the "clan" was observed on the lawn Sunday last. We looked down from the Piazza and saw Johnny O'Brien, Jimmy Donnelly, Hanky Benumman, Johnny Lloyd, Theodore Lounsbury and all the *JOURNAL* comps, gesticulating wildly about what they knew of the Art Preservative.

Notices of the excursion of the C. L. U. have been printed and are being circulated. Fanwood pupils in the city and Brooklyn should attend. By so doing, they will not only have a day's enjoyment for a small outlay, but will also encourage the young society.

A deaf-mute couple named Boyd, of Scottish descent, were seen in the village Sunday last.

William McDonald staid a spell on July 30th.

W. Durian received a long love letter from a fair damsel in the city last week, and as "Station M" followed the name only, it was opened in the village by a man bearing the same name, and who doubtless enjoyed a rare literary treat.

Vicente G. de Pineres, who has been a pay pupil here for about four years, sailed by steamer Clamorus for his home in Bogota, South America, on Saturday last. He does not expect to return to school in the fall.

Messrs. Reininger and Stratton are having good times in Highland, N. Y. They are stopping with Jas. Caton.

Miss Annie Bryan is acting as a sort of assistant supervisor, and gives much satisfaction.

Thursday evening last, Messrs. Jourdan, Porter, Beatty and Hines, undertook to lower the colors of W. Durian in a swimming match. At the start, it looked rather dubious for the champion, but near the finish, those frolicsome hoofs were observed to kick the water like the paddlewheel of an ocean steamship, and those paws, which resemble in magnitude a good-sized sugar-coated ham, brought him under the wire about fifty yards in advance. This web-footed and ham-fisted son of Neptune will have to be beaten on a bigger pond than the Hudson.

William A. Emmons expects to visit the School some time this week.

W. Durian strode into his 18th year in a pair of No. 9 brogans, last week.

Francis Crocken is happy all over. Mr. Howell appointed him waiter in the dining-room a few days ago. In the fall, his commanding and impressive figure will ornament the first table in the large dining hall, while the cares of Head Waiter will settle heavily on his shoulders. W. Durian will also be a waiter.

Messrs. Kieswetter, Lancaster, Schmidt and Morris, competed in a 60 yards race the other evening. "Darwin" came in ahead on an easy canter. The next evening Schmidt challenged him, and won by the skin of his teeth.

Prof. Carrier, wife and Miss Lewis arrived in Norwich, N. Y., from their rather long journey in high spirits. Strange to say, Mrs. Carrier was the least fatigued of the party. Thirty minutes was the exact time Alfred Emmons froze to the Institution grounds, Friday last.

Thomas Halloran was an inmate of the night school on July 28th. He says he is a longshoreman, work-

ing at 112th Street, and gets \$2.50 per day.

The thermometer at 99 in the shade was unable to prevent Wm. J. Reilly from caroming against the School on July 28th.

Matron of the Culinary Department Noble returned from her vacation Friday last, as chipper as a cricket.

Mr. Crittenden, our assistant steward, returned home on Monday last. He spent three weeks "roughing it" in the Adirondacks, with a select party of young men. He says the screech owls lulled them to sleep every night, and the only wild animals encountered were mosquitoes. The last week of his vacation was spent here and there in Connecticut.

Miss Fraser, matron of the hospital department, resumed her onerous duties on August 1st.

The *JOURNAL* composers had an ice-cream party in the office Thursday last. A sixteen quart pail full vanished in thirteen seconds.

GRACE H.

#### TO THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES.

It should be highly known and forever remembered that Hon. John Taylor, of Trenton, N. J., was the author of the Bill for an Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, which was passed by the Legislature last winter, the form and introductory of the Bill having been written by a deaf-mute and placed in his hands for consideration before the Legislature met. It was a vigorous effort, and required much technical influence to secure the passage of the Bill, it having been for many years strongly opposed, and rejected every time the Legislature met; and even once before vetoed by the Governor.

Indeed, we should think it was providentially through God's Will that the Bill was passed. Hon. John Taylor was the only person in the Senate who strongly advocated it, and when it came up on third reading in the Senate, just after he had made a lengthy speech in favor of the Bill, it was passed by an unanimous vote. After having passed the Senate, it was found to be more difficult to secure its passage in the House of Assembly, and nearly every body was despondent of its final passage, but it was carefully watched by Mr. Taylor and a deaf-mute, who saved the Bill from being defeated.

We ought to feel grateful to God that we are going to have an Institution in our own State at last. Let us also show our thanks and esteem to Hon. John Taylor in some way. A present to him in token of our gratitude and esteem, I think, would be very commendable by the intelligent deaf-mutes of New Jersey. If so, let us act at once. Let there be a Committee appointed, and then suggest what the present should be, and the sum of money required to purchase it with. A Treasurer and Secretary can be appointed to receive contributions, etc. I would be very glad to hear from any deaf-mutes desirous of the above undertaking, and will do my best to encourage it.

P. B. GULICK.

STOCKTON, N. J., July 24, '82.

#### The \$500 Legacy.

MR. EDITOR:—Through the columns of your *JOURNAL*, I would like to say a few words on the other side in regard to the \$500 legacy, as there are plenty of false rumors floating on the air.

It seems that the friends of Mr. Tillinghast succeeded in creating the impression over the deaf-mute community to the effect that Mr. White runs for the Presidency of the N. E. G. A. on purpose to have the legacy slipped back to the Beverly School for Deaf-Mutes. It is the most ridiculous rumor they ever invented, and they certainly made up the story from their suspicious guesswork. Mr. White is not the man whom they take him to be. He not only opposes the child's play, as to what may become of the legacy, but warmly favors it as a permanent fund. It must be remembered that it was Mr. White himself who proposed that the legacy be booked in the revised Constitution and By-laws, of which Messrs. White, Packard and the writer are the Committee on Revision. We have had it booked, and it only awaits the Association's approval or disapproval at the coming Convention.

In view of the above proofs I give, how can it be that Mr. White is working in the interest of the Beverly School in connection with the legacy? Can the friends of Mr. Tillinghast prove on the contrary?

Again, the legacy is a settled question, as the Association at the last Convention voted that it be invested in United States bonds, and, if I mistake not, it be invested for five years.

It will be seen that there is not any good ground for the worry and fear as to the probable disappearance of it. The President, or even the Board, can do nothing with the legacy without the approval of the Association, as the Association not only has the power to do with it what it thinks best, but is responsible for what is done with it.

Some of you may think that it may disappear somehow. Should it disappear, the Treasurer who furnished the bonds as security on his treasuryship, will have to make good the loss, and the Association will not suffer at all.

I think it enough to enlighten the public on this point.

Respectfully yours,

Geo. A. NEWHALL.

## WASHINGTON.

### MR. HASENSTAB'S LOSS.

#### OTHER NOTES.

We are very sorry to announce the painful tidings that Mr. P. J. Hasenstab unexpectedly found his father dead and buried when he returned to his home in New Albany, Ind. from Washington. Under the circumstances he may have decided to leave college in order to help his mother. His many warm friends will sympathize with him when they learn of this. His father, then a first class tailor, went to another city along the Ohio River, between Louisville, Kentucky and Cincinnati, Ohio, to secure a good situation with a view of supporting his little family, when he was accidentally drowned. His body was found a few weeks after he slept in death, which occurred before or after the Kendalls went to Annapolis, Maryland.

Mr. C. Griffin, of Washington, whose knee-cap was dreadfully fractured in one of the closest and most interesting base ball games of the Kendall between the United States Department nines a few weeks ago, is getting along so finely that he now moves about on crutches without great difficulty, and he expects to be able to run about the house before our summer vacation comes to an end.

Mr. S. Davidson, of New Jersey, and myself, visited Kendall Green yesterday evening. Mr. Ballard and his happy family, Miss Allen, the Matron of the Columbus Institution, and Mr. Jno. Wight are still on the beautiful Green. But Mr. Ballard expects to go to Maine in the middle of August or the first of September, while his family will enjoy themselves on the Green, and the Matron expects to start for Connecticut on the first of August, while Mr. Wight will be responsible for protecting the Green from the jumbo negro thieves. Mr. A. D. Bryant, '81, expects to visit Boston and the other Eastern cities next week.

Mr. Strong, the oldest deaf-mute clerk in the Treasury Department, is ready to go to the famous Springs in Virginia in quest of health, on the first of August, for one month. We all wish him a pleasant vacation.

Mr. I. N. Hammer, of Tennessee, and one of the most intelligent deaf-mutes in Washington, is still keeping his high position in the New York Press Association. He is the most popular mute here, where he is always welcomed by his intelligent mute friends, as well as his nice speaking friends.

Mr. J. Sansom, recently of Indiana, but now of Pennsylvania, who has clerked in the Agricultural Department since last year, was lately promoted, and his salary is now \$1000 per year. He will spend a month in Pennsylvania with his mother next month.

Mr. J. C. Sawyer, of Washington, will have an important position in the Post Office Department this month, through Congressional friends of his father, who is an ex (U. S.) Senator, now living in Tennessee.

Messrs. Zeigler, of Pennsylvania; Coleman, of South Carolina; Clark, of Wisconsin, having failed to secure employment in this city, were compelled to give up all their hopes, and went home.

Mr. Davidson, having gone home to New Jersey when our college closed, was summoned to return to Washington a few days afterwards by his good Congressman, Hon. Hill, whose sister was a mute. The "new" Sophomore has a nice position in the Agricultural Department.

Mr. M. O. Robert, of Minn., is still in Washington seeking for employment in one of the departments. He was, day before yesterday, notified by his Congressman that he will have a position when the Legislative bill passes. His steadiness of staying here for more than one month finally carried success on him.

C. Kerney, having clerked in the Reduction Division, just under the Cashier's office, in the Treasury for a month, is at present clerking in the Money Order Office in the Post Office, yet it belongs to the Treasury.

Mr. A. F. Adams, of Iowa, got a good position in the Smithsonian Department through his most influential Congressman, Hon. Allison.

Mr. J. H. Cloud, of Illinois, secured employment in the beautiful Soldier's Home through Gen. Logan. Mr. F. Lynch, of the same State, got an easy place with a wealthy farmer, near Georgetown, who, having a few acres of land, buys nearly all his vegetables, etc., from the city. As Georgetown is about three miles from the home, it is reported that the two Illinois boys expect to start on a cheap (?) telephone for their own pleasant conversation.

Craig, who is authorized to take charge of the chapel-tower clock, cheerfully invited two students—one from Wisconsin and the other from Minnesota—to visit the wonderful instruments of the grand clock. All went up with Craig into the tower, and the floor door accidentally closed. Thus the three persons were confined there, and would have died of starvation if nobody had assisted them. They were finally saved by our patriot, Mr. Carter, in honor of whom the two students will erect a marble monument when he leaves this world.

The writer was recently informed by an Indianapolis friend that Mr. E. O. Herr, of Louisville, Ky., expects to start a silent newspaper, called "The Silent World," under the editor-

ship of a very intelligent semi-mute, as soon as circumstances will admit.

One of the colored pupils of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, suddenly died a few days after the college closed.

At the College, I was told that Mr. Barr telegraphed Mr. Wight that he will see Mr. Carter soon. What business?

Mr. W. A. Tilley is still working in the Government Printing Office where he will be paid \$3.20 per day in a short time when he has learned his trade well.

Extensive improvements are being made at the National Deaf-Mute College and Columbian Deaf-Mute Institute.

"The celebrated pet of Ohio, James Gilbert, who spent a year in the preparatory class at College, and the next year in the work house here in Washington, is now employed in the Ebbitt House stable at \$4 per week."

The *Critic* of July 27th says: "President Ga laudet, of the College for Deaf-Mutes, this city, is spending a few weeks in Branford, Conn."

This piece is clipped from the *Critic* as follows:

"Mr. Alexander Graham Bell has got as far on his Northern way as this same bewitching torpedo station. He has taken quarters at the McCurdy villa. One could never imagine Professor Bell a Scot unless so assured by himself, for he has the swarthy skin, burning dark eyes and impetuous speech and gesture of the South of France. His voice is like an exquisite instrument, and is capable of such modulations that a recital becomes a song. There is a great romance hinging on his love for and his marriage with his wife, who is a mute and one of the loveliest of women. I had heard of 'speaking eyes,' but never saw them until I met Mrs. Bell. She has a slender, girlish figure, and such a young face and fresh coloring that it is difficult to realize her matronhood. The fact of her muteness gives the most brilliant expression to her great dove-colored eyes, and, by long practice, she has acquired the faculty of reading the motion of the lips and rarely fails to comprehend the conversation around her, if the enunciation be careful and the speaker moderately slow of speech."

In order to make the Kendalls dance for joy to know what the *Oarsman* says about their last game, the writer will try to clip a few different items:

"One of the best games played here this season was played on Saturday last, between the War Department and the Kendalls. It required ten innings to decide which was the better team, and when the game was called the score stood 8 to 7 in favor of the Kendalls. Baker played excellently behind the bat, putting out 12 men. The out-field of the War Department had a good deal to do and played without an error. The heaviest batting was done by the Kendalls, Lynch, Brookrine, Ziegler, Chickering doing the most of it. The game was umpired by a gentleman connected with the Stars of East Washington, whose name we could not ascertain. His umpiring was just and satisfactory. There was considerable excitement manifested during the progress of the game, and it is hoped that these two clubs will meet again before the season closes."

"The Alexandria Base Ball Association sent a club to Washington last week, to play against the Kendall Club of the National Deaf-Mute College, and returned to their homes the same evening. We clip the following description of the visit from the *Republican*:

"An Alexandria base ball club came up to this city yesterday afternoon to play a game with the Kendalls on the grounds of the latter. When these Scions of the F. F. V.'s discovered that there was a colored man on the nine of the Kendalls, they refused to play. The colored man has been attached to the College for a number of years, and is very much respected. He is an excellent ball player, and the distinguished Virginians did not raise objection on account of his standing as a player, but simply on account of his color. The Kendalls offered to pay the entire expenses of the high-toned Virginians if they would play the game, but they could not think of touching a ball or bat that had been handled by a 'nigger.' They offered to play until the man came to the bat, and then call the game and decide it in their favor. The Kendalls very properly stood by their man, and so no game was played: This is the first time objection has been raised on the grounds of the Kendalls."

"Judge of the surprise and mortification (?) of this nine on their arrival home to find a colored organization playing on the same ground which the 'A. B. C. A.' occupy. Will they ever play there again? Private advices tell us that their path through Alexandria was not strewn with roses. We trust that such an exhibition of 'tomfoolery' as shown by the A. B. C. A. will not occur again. The Kendalls will play Carter on the 3d Bag, and other clubs must govern themselves accordingly. The Washington clubs, we are happy to say, have never raised any objection to Carter's playing, and we trust they never will."

"The Stars of East Washington and the Kendalls disbanded last week."

"The Kendalls expect new players next season, and will also retain Carter."

CHAS. KERNEY.

[In our next issue, we will give in detail the debate on the appropriation for the Columbian Institution, as taken from the *Congress Record* by Mr. Kerney.—ED. JOURNAL.]



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Sharpe Mfg  
PROVIDENCE  
R.I.

## Letter from Mr. Woodbridge.

(St. John, N. B., Sun, July 15.)

The state of Deaf-Mute Education in the Province of New Brunswick, has long been deplored by all true friends to the cause. It is a matter of regret that so little has been done or attempted in the way of educating the deaf and dumb of the Province during the last five or six years. The wish has been expressed, time after time, that a school should be established which would endeavor to follow out its mission by gathering the deaf-mute children together who are now scattered throughout the Province and of lasting benefit to them by giving them a good English education.

I cordially agree with you that the Halifax and St. John schools should be utilized. As regards the former, I can say it is so fully utilized that it cannot accommodate more than its present number. In fact the school room was found too small and the air too close, and one division of pupils had to be removed and taught in the girls' sitting room, which being filled with desks, considerably encroached upon their comfort in the evening. As regards the latter, I am well aware that a building exists which is called the St. John Institution, but I look in vain for any good results which that Institution has accomplished. The building would do, but under its present management it has been a deplorable failure. As it has been in the past so it will be in the future. It is a blot which it would be well for the Province to wipe out and to establish in its place a school for its deaf and dumb population which would be of value to them and have a beneficial influence on their welfare.

The St. John School never will do much good, for the one great and all-important reason that it lacks the confidence of the people!

As a proof of this statement, let me say that out of the 29 children who attended Halifax during the past session nearly a dozen of them were formerly pupils in the St. John School.

Again, a mother, who lives not a mile from the post-office, said to me a few days ago that when she sent her daughters to Mr. Abel's school she was obliged to send them as day scholars only, as there was no matron to take charge of them at night.

Thirdly, I have a copy of an advertisement which appeared, I believe, in your columns some time ago, stating "that the gentlemen of the city had taken an interest in the management of the St. John School had ceased to have any further connexion with it." Perhaps Mr. Abel is well acquainted with their reasons for this action.

It is often thought that a deaf-mute must be the best instructor of deaf-mutes. This is a fatal error. If a teacher, with all the advantages of hearing and speech, a good collegiate training and a long practical experience in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, can do so little under the existing condition of the work, it is impossible for one laboring under the disadvantage of being himself deaf and dumb to carry on and superintend the education of his own class. It is not every deaf-mute that is endowed with the teaching faculty, and, besides, the instruction of the deaf and dumb requires all the faculties cultivated to the highest degree and combined with peculiar aptitude and qualifications to enable one to succeed in this department of education.

One may be a good teacher of speaking children who would utterly fail in teaching the deaf and dumb. A deaf-mute usually lacks that idiomatic mastery of the English language which is so essential to the successful instruction of the deaf and dumb.

A well-known and experienced writer says: "It is true a well educated deaf-mute, under proper supervision and direction, may be an efficient assistant in a school for the deaf and dumb, and many are so employed, but he is manifestly disqualified for the regular responsibilities of superintending, guiding and directing an educational course. There are a thousand things connected with the management of an institution and the mental and moral training of the deaf and dumb, which can be appreciated only by a hearing and speaking teacher of culture, elevated character and tastes, and sound judgment. Under a deaf-mute teacher alone, the peculiarities of the class, which it is our constant effort to check and correct, are overlooked, intensified and confirmed. Unfortunately Mr. Abel possesses these *outré* characteristics in a marked degree, as they are incompatible with the grave duty and responsibilities which the position of superintendent involves, this may be the reason of the universal lack of confidence in the St. John Institution.

Under these circumstances I feel more than justified, I consider it a duty, an imperative duty, to open a school for the deaf and dumb here, and in doing so I appeal to the people of New Brunswick to aid me in this undertaking, and sincerely trust that all who have the welfare of the deaf and dumb at heart will not only give their sympathy, but their active co-operation and aid.

There are probably 80 to 100 deaf and dumb children in this Province who look to you for education, and need your help.

I am, yours faithfully,  
ROBERT F. WOODBRIDGE.

ADDRESS BY MR. WOODBRIDGE IN BERRYMAN'S HALL.

(The Daily Sun, St. John, N. B., July 20.)

A meeting was held in Berryman's Hall, in favor of establishing a school

for the deaf and dumb in the Province of New Brunswick. The attendance was very small. A number of pupils of Mr. A. F. Woodbridge were present, and the specimens of their penmanship, freehand, shaded and water color drawings exhibited on the walls were very creditable.

Mr. W. L. Prince occupied the chair and, after briefly stating the object of the meeting, introduced Mr. A. F. Woodbridge, late president of the Halifax Deaf and Dumb Institution.

### MR. WOODBRIDGE

said he intended to address the meeting on the state of deaf and dumb education in this and other countries, and then make some reference to his own character and the causes which led to the severance of his connection with the Halifax Institution, also stating his present object and aim.

Having reviewed the remarkable progress made in the education of the deaf and dumb in England, America and the British Colonies, the speaker proceeded to show how this education had developed the moral and religious faculties of deaf-mutes, who in many instances had by its means been brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. In alluding to his personal character and qualifications, Mr. Woodbridge said that he should not have come from Nova Scotia to the sister Province if there had been the slightest disgrace attaching itself to him. His antecedents would bear investigation of the most searching nature. He cited numerous testimonials he held from gentlemen of high standing, among whom were James Howard, Esq., Principal of the Doncaster Deaf and Dumb Institution; Arthur Hopper, Esq., of Birmingham; Dr. Baxter, of the London Deaf and Dumb College; Rev. G. Dowley, Chaplain, Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, Manchester; Rev. Edw. Owen, Rector of Oldham; John Thompson, Esq., Principal Glasgow School, the Rev. Donald McLeod, editor of *Good Word* and Chaplain to the Queen, and others. He said he was studying for the church when he took up the Halifax school, and though he found he had made a mistake in going there, he had faithfully performed his duties up to the moment of leaving, when he received a testimonial signed by the whole of the Directors. The reason he left was that Mr. Hutton had a great many friends who wished him back amongst them, and he (the speaker) would explain his position by applying to himself the words of John the Baptist—"He was before me, and he was preferred before me." After giving a resume of his work in the Halifax school, and (by quoting from the printed reports) showing that it had prospered under his care, Mr. Woodbridge said he was desirous of establishing an efficient school for the deaf and dumb of this Province, as the Halifax Institution was not now adequate to undertake the education of all the deaf and dumb children in the Maritime Provinces, and many parents of such children were anxious not to send them there, but have them trained nearer home. There were at present 29 New Brunswick children in the Halifax school and these would form a nucleus for the proposed school. There were 256 uneducated deaf-mutes in the Province, many of whom were eligible to attend the school, and he hoped that he would meet with such support as would enable him to open it by Sept. 1, when he would show such results as would enable him to go with confidence and ask a grant from the Legislature.

The chairman said he had one of his children educated by Mr. Woodbridge, and spoke very highly of the tuition and moral training of his child. He asked any present who had a similar experience to add their testimony to his.

Messrs. John Baillie, W. Jones and Samuel Thum responded, bearing grateful testimony to the care and attention of their children had received.

It was decided to solicit subscriptions towards the establishment of the school, and to endeavor to enlist the sympathies of influential persons in St. John and elsewhere for its behalf, and several gentlemen present undertook to take out subscription cards for that purpose.

News from Somerset County, Pa.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—That which I am just going to relate will be most interesting to those who have gone through the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and who are yet to attend it; for all the deaf graduates living in this part of the State were educated there.

The deaf-mutes in this county are few, numbering about eight, two of whom have never been to school—a young girl, and a boy about twenty years of age. They would have become smart, if their parents were not so foolish, keeping them at home like little babies. It is a great pity. There should be a law passed compelling the attendance of all mutes at school, for by gaining an education they are arming themselves with a shield which none can take away.

Three days ago, father and I went to our farm, twelve miles off, and after looking around went on further, until we reached the farm of a man named Boucher, who has a deaf and dumb son named Henry, and we staid with them during the night. During the evening, I enjoyed myself very much talking with Henry. He being wholly deaf and dumb, is getting tired of living on his farm, because he seldom meets any deaf-mutes to converse with. Some time ago, he

made application for another year's schooling at the Philadelphia Institution, but failed. Since he graduated from that School, three years ago, his features have changed considerably. He has grown taller; is in good health; is working well with his father at farming; always finds plenty of hard work to do, and always likes to hear from his old schoolmates. We returned here yesterday, very tired.

Early in the morning, my brother and myself started away in a spring wagon after huckleberries, taking with us in a bag a nice gray cat, which our little brother did not like. While crossing Negro Mountain (as it is called), we had to travel several miles before seeing any body, for it is a lonely and wild mountain and a good deer hunting place, covered with a large forest, and we were alone with Nature only. The mountain being steep, my brother got out of the wagon and walked on ahead, leaving me to drive. When he got out of sight, I looked down on the road and saw crawling close to the wagon, a large snake, which I think was a rattlesnake. It was of a brownish color, with a yellow breast, and a black tail. It appeared no less than two inches thick and five feet long. At first, it thrilled me. When about getting out of the wagon, it crawled awkwardly under the bushes. Then I let it go and drove on. At noon, we were on the top of the mountain, where the scenery was grand. On our way we were disappointed to find the huckleberries unripe. Then we stopped to take our dinner, which we had brought with us, and fed the horse well. While eating our dinner, my brother said: "A city boy would think it worth a hundred dollars to be here."

After finishing our repast, we went to the wagon for the cat, but found it had been thrown from the box by the jumbling of the wagon over the rough road, and my brother made a joke of it, saying, "Some one finding it moving on the road in the bag, might take it for a white imp." Brother and I returned when it was almost dark, and the next morning the cat returned too. It was smarter than we thought it was.

Yours respectfully,  
DR. WAWL.

URSINA, PA., 7-24-'82.

### From Averill, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—On the first of July, I went to Lansingburg and visited Mrs. Atkins. She went with me and attended Mr. G. W. Schutt's service on the 2d of this month. I had a pleasant conversation with Mrs. Atkins, Schutt and others. I expect that Mrs. Atkins will come and visit us this summer. She shall be welcome.

Then I started for Bainbridge, Chenango Co., N. Y., on the 3d of this month, and made my husband's parents and relations a visit. I staid there for a week, and enjoyed myself very well.

I brought my daughter, Florence M. Lyon, here with me. We live with her. She has been at school in New York for about three years, and has been in Rome for about six years. We don't expect that she will go back to school this fall. She can study and read at home.

My mute friends of Troy asked me if I would go to the Picnic about the 2d of August, but I don't know that I could go there because I have lots of work to do.

Mrs. Emma Simons is a mute lady. Her husband is a speaking man. Last fall they moved here from Millville, N. Y. Mrs. E. Simons never has been to school. She has one child, a boy about four years old. I have learned her many things. She has no parents, but a speaking brother. Why did not her friends send her to school. She is 22 years old. If any mute children have no parents, brothers and sisters, let their friends send them to school, for they would do better. Let them be led into the right path of life. Let the mute children learn well, for when they leave school they will have to work and try to do right for themselves. Some fathers and mothers don't let their children go to school. It is not right; don't let the mute children be ignorant. They must be sent to school, and learn about religion. Don't forget our Heavenly Father, for He provides for them. Trust in and love our dear Lord. God may bless you.

Respectfully,  
Mrs. S. M. LYONS.

AYERILL, N. Y., July 23, '82

### To Mr. Harry White.

While reading the account of the N. E. Picnic at R. Point, in last week's issue of the JOURNAL, I came upon my own name. Mr. Harry White claims I wrote one of those articles relating to the N. E. G. A. in the 20th of July's issue. I either admit nor deny it, but simply say he is welcome to his opinion for aught I care. Again he says the article was *scurrilous*. If my memory does not deceive me, *scurrilous* defined, means "using low and indecent language."

I read every article in the paper, but I did not come across anything low or indecent. The JOURNAL is the most respectable deaf-mute paper in the U. S., and its reputation has been established. Do you suppose it would publish a *scurrilous* article?

The very idea is absurd in the extreme, and agrees exactly with half of what you say and think.

You say I was at R. Point, and that is all the truth you did say of me, for

as to being "glum and down hearted" it was all "in your mind."

Did any of those articles "bray any louder" than yours did when "like a criminal in disguise" you signed yourself Justitia? Oh! Harry, you need not try to keep the cat in the bag any longer, because it is already out and dying, for aught I know.

A President of an association must have experience.

Many of the difficulties, swindlings, grabbing, etc., in many of our Deaf-Mute Associations, is due to bad management. A man may be good in some minor office, but he should crawl up step by step until the top is gained, and then he will by that time have experience.

Mr. Tillinghast had reached the top of the ladder long before he began association with deaf-mutes, and his experience is invaluable in scores of ways.

He has had the Morrison bequest safely invested. He insists on a Treasurer giving bonds to the sum of twice the amount at issue, and you, H. W., oppose it, although you stand alone in your opposition, the rest of the Board having concurred.

Any honest man could never find fault with bonds to twice the amount.

It is only to secure the safety of the association's money.

You must have some underhand motive in opposing the "bond question."

I have no ill-will nor malice what ever against you, Harry, but you must remember that when people live in glass houses, they should not throw stones.

You hit G. D. Abbot on the "woman question."

Now you had better look out, or the same stone will be thrown back to you, and with what results you know best.

I will bring this to a close by expressing my sincere thanks to yourself for the very complimentary epithet of "donkey brayer" you assigned to me, and will say in return that *no one can tell a donkey better than another donkey*.

I shall support J. T. Tillinghast for President if he be a candidate.

Very truly,  
FREDERICK FREMONT SMITH.

### THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

The National Deaf-Mute Convention.

#### AN OPEN LETTER.

MESSRS. A. G. DRAPER, J. B. HOTCHKISS, T. H. COLEMAN, T. F. FOX, B. S. HAAS, J. P. HASENSETT, O. HANSON.

Sirs:—Notwithstanding the hostility to the Garfield Memorial, and the venom thrown at those who interested themselves in it, the necessary funds have been collected, and the memorial will be a success, and the venom slingers have, in many instances, swallowed their own poison.

The crowning event of what the grateful deaf have done, will be the unveiling ceremonies, and I suppose it involves upon you to choose the time, and make the necessary arrangements for this glorious event, and I beg leave to make a few suggestions.

The National Deaf-Mute Convention will be held in the summer of 1883, and, I believe, it is the general wish of the deaf that the unveiling ceremonies of the Garfield bust take place at the same time.

Washington is undoubtedly the choice of the majority of the deaf as the place for holding the convention, and as the success of the memorial is due to the deaf of the whole country, they will wish, will demand, that the unveiling ceremonies take place at a time when they as a whole can best attend. The idea occurs to me that no better place could be devised than have the convention meet at or near the unveiling ceremonies.

By this, we would be able to "kill two birds with one stone"—in other words, we could attend both events at the cost of one; which, by the way, is no small item—and the ceremonies would be largely attended, and would be strictly a national affair; while, if it does not take place in the summer, and at or near the same time of the convention, it will be almost a local affair.

It is unnecessary to say more on this point—I merely make the suggestion.

Though New York is my personal choice of all places for holding the convention of 1883, I am convinced it is not the choice of the majority, and will, therefore, sacrifice my personal wishes.

If this suggestion meets with general favor, I will, if it's possible to attend, bring it up at the Conference of the Executive Committee, which meets at Jacksonville, Ill., at the same time of the Teachers' Convention.

Hoping you will consider this, and let us hear from you before the conference. I am,

Very truly yours,  
C. W. CARRAWAY.

\*Should these two events take place at the same time, and that, too, at the National Capital, it will bring the deaf prominently before the public, and would consequently be one of the greatest boons they ever received in this country.

#### BY THE SEASIDE.

DEAR EDITOR:—The number of deaf-mutes summering here is constantly increasing,—last evening the following were registered here: At Cooper Cottage, Mrs. Fanny Smithson, of Cincinnati; Miss Gray, of Brooklyn and Miss Noble, of New York. At the Lawrence House, Geo. S. Porter, of New York, and Alex. L. Pach, of Red Bank.

All of the above were promenading on the beach, and enjoyed themselves

immensely. If there are any more mutes here, I wish they would make themselves known to some of us.

I saw a "Subscriber's" item about the ferryboat Fanwood, and am positive he is mistaken in regard to the origin of the name. A station on the line, of the C. R. R., of New Jersey, is called Fanwood, from which the boat (by the way, a comparatively new one) takes its name.

Miss Gray, will leave for her home next Tuesday. Mr. Porter will start for New York to-day. Mr. Russell is expected here to-night. Mrs. Smithson, Miss Noble and myself will, in all probability, remain here until September. I think there are about 25 deaf mutes from the vicinity of New York, who contemplate visiting this beautiful summer resort, and if they come, and are unacquainted, I will only be too happy to make them acquainted. In another letter I will endeavor to give a description of the place, together with the happenings of the deaf-mutes here. Hoping you will pardon the extreme brevity of this letter, and with the promise of more anon, I am

Truly yours,

A. L. P.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., July 30, '82.

### Sir William Phips.

William Phips was born February 20, 1651, at Woolwich, in Maine. His Parents had no fewer than twenty-six children, and being poor, William was obliged to look out for himself at a very early age. Until his eighteenth year he earned a scanty livelihood by tending sheep, but that monotonous occupation did not suit his adventurous disposition. He longed to become a sailor, and roam through the world. Not being able to obtain a situation as a sailor, he apprenticed himself to a ship-builder. Having married a rich widow, he went into business for himself as a ship-builder. He constructed a vessel for himself and engaged in the timber trade, in addition to his ship-building operations. One day, as he was strolling through the streets of Boston, he heard some merchants talking about a shipwreck that had occurred near the Bahamas. It was a Spanish ship, and was known to have money on board. Phips walked straight down to his vessel, shipped a few hands, and sailed for the Bahamas without further delay. He found the wreck and recovered a good deal of the cargo, but the value of it scarcely defrayed the expenses of the voyage.

He was told of another vessel that was wrecked near Port de la Plata, more than half a century before, and which was known to contain treasure to an enormous amount. Phips conceived the idea of fishing up this wealth, but being too poor to undertake the operation without assistance, he went to England, in 1684, and succeeded in persuading the government to give him the command of the *Rose*, a ship of eighteen guns and ninety-five men. Phips had very vague ideas about the situation of the wreck, and after fishing for it for some time, some of the men got tired and mutinied. They were on an uninhabited island at the time, and the plot having been betrayed to Phips, he threatened to leave them unless they returned to their duty. Finding him firm they were obliged to submit. Phips got rid of the mutineers at the first port at which he touched, and having gained precise information concerning the wreck proceeded to it, but before his explorations were very complete, he was obliged to return to England for repairs. The government pretended to be immensely pleased with him, but would not again give him a national vessel. Phips therefore appealed to private individuals. In a short time he succeeded in interesting the Duke of Albermarle and some other gentlemen in his scheme, and they fitted out a vessel and gave him the command of it. A patent was obtained from the king, giving to the company the exclusive right to all the wrecks that might be discovered for a number of years. Armed with this document, Phips started for the wreck, and when he had found it succeeded by the help of Indian divers in recovering treasure to the amount of a million and a half of dollars, which he turned over to his employers on his arrival in England. His own share amounted to eighty thousand dollars, King James II. made him a knight and gave him a commission to act as high sheriff, of New England. As the governor of the colony would not acknowledge his authority as high sheriff, Phips started, in 1687, for England. He found his old patron King James had been driven from the throne, and although his successors, William and Mary, were friendly to him, and even offered him the governorship of New England, he declined the offer, and returned to America in the summer of 1689. An Indian war, fomented by the French, was raging, and it being necessary to deal the French a severe blow, the General Court in January 1690, issued the following order: "For the encouragement of such gentlemen and merchants of this colony as shall undertake to reduce Penobscot, St. John's and Port Royal, it is ordered that they shall have two sloop of war for three or four months at free cost, and all the profits which they may take, till there be other orders given from their majesties." Sir William Phips offered his services, and was invited with the command of all the forces and shipping raised for the expedition. He was ordered "to take care that the worship of God be maintained and duly observed on boards all the vessels; to offer the

enemy fair terms upon summons, which if they obey, the said terms are to be duly observed; if not, you are to gain the best advantage you may, to assault, kill, and utterly extirpate the common enemy, and to burn and demolish their fortifications and shipping, having reduced that place, to proceed along the coast for the reduction of other places and plantations in possession of the French, to the obedience to the crown of England. Phips arrived at Port Royal May 11th, 1690, and easily overpowered the unprepared garrison. On his way back, he landed at various settlements and took formal possession of the sea coast from Port Royal to Penobscot. Elated by this success, the New Englanders fitted out some ships in August, 1690, with Phips as commander, for the conquest of Quebec. This expedition was a failure, for the French governor, Frontenac, when summoned to surrender, flung the summons in the messenger's face, and told him fiercely that "Sir William Phips and those with him were heretics and traitors, and had taken up with that usurper, the Prince of Orange, and had made a revolution, which, if it had not been made, New England and the French had all been one; and that no other answer was to be expected from him, but what should be from the mouth of his cannon." He kept his word, for the arms of the French aided by a violent storm made Phips and his men glad to return to Boston without having taken Quebec.

The New Englanders having with the consent of the English government nominated Sir William Phips captain-general and governor-in-chief of the province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, the nomination was confirmed in 1692. Phips meant well, but being of a quick temper and hating opposition, he soon became unpopular. After having soundly thrashed two gentlemen who disputed his authority and being cross to every one, complaints were made to the King in regard to him. The king summoned him to England to defend himself, and while there he died February 18th, 1695, aged 45 years. His biographer says of him: "Fortune befriended him only when he had earned her favors by ceaseless industry and the most indomitable industry. He succeeded in enterprises so hopeless at first sight that men of sober judgment would never have engaged in them, and after failures and discouragements which would have caused persons of ordinary prudence to give up the attempt in despair. He enjoyed a large fortune, acquired solely by his own exertions, but he was neither purse-proud, parsimonious, nor extravagant. Far from concealing the lowliness of his origin, he made it a matter of honest pride that he had risen from the business of a ship-carpenter to the honor of knighthood and the government of a province. Soon after he was appointed to the chief magistracy, he gave a handsome entertainment to all the ship-carpenters of Boston; and, when perplexed with the public's business, he would often declare that it would be easier for him to go back to the broad-axe again. He was naturally of a hasty temper, and was frequently betrayed into improper sallies of passion, but never harbored resentment long. Though not rigidly pious, he revered the offices of religion, and respected its ministers. He was credulous, but no more so than most of his better-educated contemporaries. The mistakes which he committed as a public officer were palliated by perfect uprightness of intention, and by an irreproachable character in private life; for even his warmest opponents never denied him the title of a kind husband, a sincere patriot, and an honest man.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

### Health Hints.

Accustom children to eat regularly and slowly.

Impure air kills as surely as pure air keeps alive.

Meat should be eaten very sparingly in the warm months.

Health should be the rule, and sickness the exception, in human life.

Air is food. To have good health, human beings should live more in the open air.

No sick persons ever get well until the weakest organ in the body is made healthy.

Every movement tending to give out-door exercise to woman, should be hailed with joy.

The health of children is injured by sleeping in the same bed with parents. Often they are poisoned by the uncleanness of parents.

Don't let children be up or out of nights. They expend plentifully of nervous and muscular energy during the day, and to let them sit up into the nights is to do them great injustice. Send them to bed early.

Women dress so that when out of doors they only half fill their lungs with air, consequently the flesh is flabby, nerves are weak, brains un-magnetic, and their mental efforts superficial compared with what they might be.

Those who live in a malarious climate should not go out before breakfast nor after sundown, neither should they sleep on the ground floor. Fruits and grains are the best food for malarious people; meats and greasy substances ought to be avoided.

A sick person who is curable can't die, provided he is put under right conditions, by and with his own consent, and keeps there. Thousands die because they are not brought under the unobstructed operations of the laws which God has ordained for them to live by.

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" " 2d "	10.00
" " 3d "	5.00

#### RULES.

Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names. The names must be names of new subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count.

Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as new.

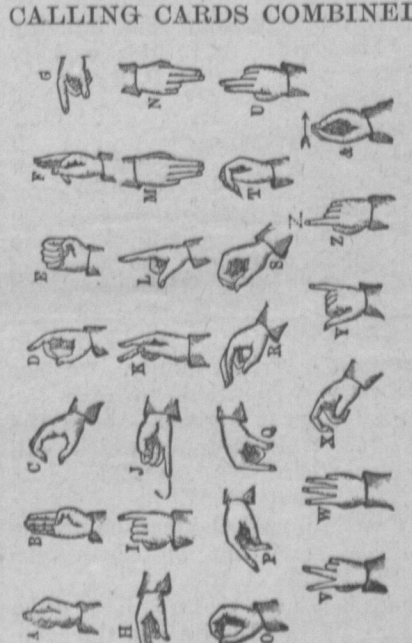
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